

The Rutherford Star.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVE CROCKETT.

VOL. IV.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

NO. 12

Professional Cards

J. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Collections promptly attended to. 3-12.

R. W. LOGAN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.
Particular attention given to collections in both Superior and Justices' Courts.

J. L. CARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Collections made in any part of the State if possible.

M. H. JUSTICE,
Attorney at Law,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Claims collected in all parts of the State. 47-11.

L. F. CHURCHILL,
O. M. WHITESIDE
CHURCHILL & WHITESIDE
ATTORNEYS and COUNSELORS

AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Will practice in all the Courts of Western North Carolina in the Supreme Courts of the State and in the District, Circuit and Superior Courts of the United States. Feb 6.

Dr. J. W. HARRIS,

WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice.

Has constantly on hand a fine supply of PURE DRUGS at his office in Rutherfordton. 18-2-11.

DR. J. M. CRATON,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

OFFERS his professional services to his old friends, and the public generally. Office at his Drug Store. 18-1-11.

Dr. C. HICKS,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

CONTINUES the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, in Rutherfordton and the surrounding counties. Charge moderate.

W. M. SHIPP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Charlotte, N. C.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in the 10th Judicial District. Collections made in all parts of the State. 45-11.

H. CABANISS.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SHELBY, N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Rutherfordton, Cleveland and Gaston.

J. M. JUSTICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Will practice in the courts of Polk, Rutherford and Cleveland. Any claims left with him, will be attended to with promptness and dispatch. 10-11.

John T. Butler,

PRACTICAL

Watch and Clock MAKER and JEWELER, &c.,
Main St., Charlotte, N. C.

Dealer in Fine Watches and Clocks, Jewelery, Spectacles and Watch Materials, &c.

Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of every description repaired and warranted for twelve months.

Work left at the VINCIGATOR Office will be forwarded at my expense. 45-11.

ALEXANDER & MASON,

(C. H. Alexander, Attor-
ney; J. M. Mason, Attor-
ney; and D. C. Vol. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 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621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 7510, 7511, 7512, 7513, 7514, 7515, 7516, 7517, 7518, 7519, 7520, 7521, 7522, 7523, 7524, 7525, 7526, 7527, 7528, 7529, 7530, 7531, 7532, 7533, 7534, 7535, 7536, 7537, 7538, 7539, 75310, 75311, 75312, 75313, 75314, 75315, 75316, 75317, 75318, 75319, 75320, 75321, 75322, 75323, 75324, 75325, 75326, 75327, 75328, 75329, 75330, 75331, 75332, 75333, 75334, 75335, 75336, 75337, 75338, 75339, 75340, 75341, 75342, 75343, 75344, 75345, 75346, 75347, 75348, 75349, 75350, 75351, 75352, 75353, 75354, 75355, 75356, 75357, 75358, 75359, 75360, 75361, 75362, 75363, 75364, 75365, 75366, 75367, 75368, 75369, 75370, 75371, 75372, 75373, 75374, 75375, 75376, 75377, 75378, 75379, 75380, 75381, 75382, 75383, 75384, 75385, 75386, 75387, 75388, 75389, 75390, 75391, 75392, 75393, 75394, 75395, 75396, 75397, 75398, 75399, 753100, 753101, 753102, 753103, 753104, 753105, 753106, 753107, 753108, 753109, 753110, 753111, 753112, 753113, 753114, 753115, 753116, 753117, 753118, 753119, 753120, 753121, 753122, 753123, 753124, 753125, 753126, 753127, 753128, 753129, 753130, 753131, 753132, 753133, 753134, 753135, 753136, 753137, 753138, 753139, 753140, 753141, 753142, 753143, 753144, 753145, 753146, 753147, 753148, 753149, 753150, 753151, 753152, 753153, 753154, 753155, 753156, 753157, 753158, 753159, 753160, 753161, 753162, 753163, 753164, 753165, 753166, 753167, 753168, 753169, 753170, 753171, 753172, 753173, 753174, 753175, 753176, 753177, 753178, 753179, 753180, 753181, 753182, 753183, 753184, 753185, 753186, 753187, 753188, 753189, 753190, 753191, 753192, 753193, 753194, 753195, 753196, 753197, 753198, 753199, 753200, 753201, 753202, 753203, 753204, 753205, 753206, 753207, 753208, 753209, 753210, 753211, 753212, 753213, 753214, 753215, 753216, 753217, 753218, 753219, 753220, 753221, 753222, 753223, 753224, 753225, 753226, 753227, 753228, 753229, 753230, 75

THE STAR.

J. B. CARPENTER. R. W. LOGAN
CARPENTER & LOGAN

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

Card of Education—Sale of Swamp Lands.

The Raleigh *Sentinel*, dated Thursday, April 7th, contains an editorial concerning a sale of Swamp Lands made by the Board of Education. The Board of Education is composed of all the State officers, and the editorial of the *Sentinel* is calculated to create the impression that every member of the Board approved the sale. Such is not the case. The same land was sold last year to D. P. BIBLE, for the sum of thirty thousand dollars. The Legislature was informed of the sale, and before the writings were drawn and signed, the Board was prohibited from completing any sale of Educational land unless approved by the General Assembly. Bible having been defeated in this instance, succeeded in getting an act passed authorizing the Board to sell this land, for not less than fifty thousand dollars. Immediately after the passage of the act, the Board was convened, and the proposition to sell the land, was defeated by Gov. Holden's vote. Gov. Caldwell, Treasurer Jenkins, and Col. Harris voting against the sale. A few days after this action of the Board, another meeting was called, and the sale was made. Gov. Caldwell being absent, Col. Harris was the only one of the Board who opposed and voted against the sale.

We have made these statements in justice to Col. Harris. We do not accuse any member of the Board with corruption. Our opinion of the matter is, that the amount is entirely too small, and that advertisement should have been made in all the large cities of the sale, and after such notice to have sold the land to the highest bidder for cash.

Spartanburg Mail Rout.

We see from the Congressional Globe forwarded us by the Hon. A. H. Jones, that he has introduced a bill in Congress for a mail route from this place to Spartanburg S. C. We are sure we speak the sentiments of a large number of the citizens of this County, and also of Spartanburg Co. S. C., when we say that Mr. JONES has our thanks for this effort of his to grant mail facilities to an intelligent, and worthy class of our citizens, who have been cut off from mail facilities since the close of the war. The proposed route, by way of Carpenters Store, Hicksville, Cowpens and Damascus, the distance we believe from this point to Spartanburg, is about 35 miles. The first office on the proposed route, is Carpenter's Store distance from this place 12 miles and no other office on any other route nearer than 7 miles, the next office is Hicksville 15 miles from this place, and 10 miles from the nearest office, and supplying a portion of country at least 15 miles from any Post Office, the next office Cowpens is about 20 miles from this place, and 15 miles from the nearest office, Damascus is about 8 miles from Spartanburg, S. C. So it may be seen at a glance why those along the proposed route desire a new mail route, without considering the trouble, and vexations of our mountain friends who have heretofore traded at Spartanburg, and who desire a means of regular communication from this point to Spartanburg.

With our present arrangement a letter mailed at this point goes quite as quick by Charlotte and Columbia, S. C., a distance of over 200 miles as any way it can, when the distance is only 35 miles, and taking from three to four weeks to get letters back and forth, we suppose those unacquainted with the facts will doubt what we say, but from experience we know it to be true.

We do hope our representative Mr. JONES will be successful in getting his bill through Congress, as a matter of right and justice to a large number of his constituents.

The Homestead.

The Winston *Sentinel* says, we take the following sensible remarks from the Statesville *Advertiser*. There is no doubt but that the Homestead law will be declared unconstitutional as to old debts if it, as it surely will be, is ever carried before the U. S. Supreme Court, and we advise all who have taken the Homestead, to take advantage of the present immunity they now enjoy from judgments and executions, to pay off and compromise their old debts, which can be done on better terms now than can be had hereafter:

The object of the Homestead law, is not to screen men from paying their just debts, when it might be in their power to do so, but to secure to them and their families a home, which, will better enable them to work out of their difficulties. Otherwise, the statute in that case, would legalize fraud—which was not its design—and cause the grossest injustice and dishonesty, contrary to the policy of all law, and aim of which is, and should be, to promote the public welfare and establish justice between man and man. Because a man has a homestead, which cannot be reached is no reason why he should fold his arms and defraud an honest creditor—making no effort to pay him. It may be taken for granted that, a really honest man, will not do so; to the contrary, he will go to work and endeavor to satisfy, in some manner, the claims that are against him—by compromise, paying a part, &c. It is the lot of all, to be unfortunate; and at some time of us, may be driven to seek the protection afforded by the Homestead, therefore as all are liable to misfortune, all should mutually deal honestly and liberally with each other.

A Splendid Chance

To combine the economical, the useful, the entertaining and the beautiful. We have arranged to furnish the RUTHERFORD STAR and DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY, the Model Parlor Magazine of America, for only \$1.00.

Demorest's Monthly Magazine contains the essentials of all others, including the utilities of the Household and Home interests in all its departments.

The only reliable Fashions in all their details.

The beauties and utilities of Literature, Poetry, Sketches, Stories, Music, and every branch of entertaining and useful reading calculated to enliven and elevate society and make our homes cheerful, attractive, useful, and happy; with a large and magnificent Steel Engraving, 28 by 25 inches, entitled "The Pie-Nie on the Fourth of July," valued at \$10, to each subscriber as a premium.

The engraving is all done in line and stipple, from the original painting by Lillie M. Spencer, and besides the copyright, cost over seven thousand dollars, and is acknowledged by artists to be the most perfect and beautiful large engraving ever issued in this country. Certainly \$10 will not procure another that combines so much interest and beauty. 10 cents for mailing the engraving should accompany the subscription. The above arrangement furnishes a splendid chance to procure DEMOREST'S MONTHLY at a very low rate.

Hung

Below we give an account of the hanging of Tom YOUNG, and Bob GREEN the two colored men who were hung at Hillsboro' N. C., on Friday 1st day of April for the murder of M. V. BALLOCK.

The correspondent of the New York *Advertiser* witnessed the hanging, and thus describes the scene:

"About half-past one o'clock P. M. the condemned were conducted from their dungeon, with ropes and black caps attached to their necks. Young walked firmly down the flight of steps but Gunn, who was exceedingly feeble had to be assisted by negro attendants. They both ascended the scaffold and took seats in chairs, when a very impressive prayer was made by a clergyman, both the condemned men joining with him. This being ended, a series of cross examinations as to the murder was commenced by parties around the trap door.—Young, whose eyes were half closed, seemed to be engaged in prayer, and judging from the evasive replies he made to questions propounded, his mind was evidently wandering. As the fatal hour neared, both the wretched men began a wild, incoherent song, half prayer, peculiar to ne-

groes, and they steadily kept this up to the latest moment, refusing to be interrupted by Mr. Atley, father of the murdered man, who desired to ask them some questions.

"At two P. M. the Sheriff ascended the scaffold and read the death sentence of both, which could scarcely be heard between the prayers and supplications of the condemned within and the din and tumult of the mob without. This ceremony concluded, the ropes were attached to the rings in the ceiling above. The legs of both were pinioned at the ankles, and black caps were put over their forehead, obscuring vision to all earthly things. At five minutes past two the drop fell and the murderers were struggling violently in air. Neither of the nooses was properly adjusted, and the hangman's knots, when the ropes reached their utmost tension, slipped to the back of the necks of both. Young fell only about a foot, and as he swung to and fro his limbs were convulsively drawn up and his struggles were fearful. Gunn fell nearly two feet, and in consequence of his enfeebled condition his sufferings were not so intense as Young's. After a few spasmodic kicks his struggles ceased, and his soul was in the presence of his Maker. Young continued to jerk convulsively for number of minutes, perhaps five, when he too became still, and both were at the bar of eternal Justice.

The execution was a badly bungled affair from beginning to end and showed the necessity of having an experienced hangman in such cases. The tortures of the wretched were terrible, which might have been avoided if a proper scaffold had been erected and a hangman employed who knew how to do his work. After hanging nearly forty minutes the bodies were cut down and placed in coffins already prepared for them."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for the Rutherford Star,

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

This, above all others, is an age of progress. Never before has liberty and Christianity advanced with as gigantic strides. Each day, almost, adds a fresh laurel to the crown of Intellectual, Social and Moral Improvement.

And to-day the greatest minds of this most enlightened age are beginning to see the importance, I might almost say the necessity of allowing women equal privileges with those of the other sex. Perhaps nothing has ever brought down the storm of ridicule, or has been compelled to battle so directly against old established prejudices that this same question of Woman's Rights has done. But ridicule is but a weak weapon when it is wielded against the cause of justice and right, and prejudice is yielding slowly but surely to the advancing light of reason.

There are many of my countrymen, who will for various reasons differ with me when I say that all high minded and right thinking men should by one united effort push this grand work to completion. These opposers are divided into many different classes.

There are—First, the thoughtless Men. They, for the life of them, cannot see what good it would do women to vote. The simple act of voting is but a small thing; but when it represents that dearest of all earthly things, Liberty, and the right of Self-Government, it is a different matter.

My dear Sir, how would you like to be placed under a government in which you had no more voice than a brute; whose citizens did not and could not understand your wants; and who sneered at every effort made by you to throw off your chain? I admire the spirit which prompts you to say. I would sooner die than be a slave. But you would condemn millions of your fellow creatures, who are just as worthy to enjoy the blessings of liberty, which you are enjoying, as you are, to just such a life of degrading dependence and servitude.

Think, and you will soon be found on the right side.

Again, there are the timid Men. They are afraid this thing would work badly. They look back at the history of past generations and see no instance where women have not been slaves, (in fact, if not in name,) and they shrink from moving in an untried path, lest it should lead them to political destruction. Ah! sir, had Washington, Franklin, Henry and all those men, who laid the foundation of this great Republic, been as timid as you, the glory which

now shines so brightly around their names would have been reserved for other men. For was not government such as ours unheard of until those men framed it. I would not have you, or any one, act rashly in this matter, for it is of vast, almost inconceivable, magnitude. All that I ask is that you lay aside prejudice, and let reason and conscience guide you. And I believe that you will, ere

long, see that the crowning arch will never be completed on the great building of Universal Liberty, whose foundations were laid in the blood of our Revolutionary forefathers, until the chains of bondage, which for Six Thousand Years have fettered woman, are broken, and she is free.

Then, there are the selfish Men. Perhaps they love power, or, to exercise authority over some one, and are willing to lord it over poor, weak woman. But they are disposed to be lenient, and feel bound to cherish and protect their helpless charges, Hypocrites! Give them the right to protect themselves, and your self imposed task will not be half so arduous. Or, perhaps they have married women who possessed a "goodly inheritance," and they are unwilling to see that, to which they have no right under heaven, pass entirely beyond the reach of their greedy fingers. To this class we have nothing to say, whatever.

There are other classes which we have not described, who go in to swell the ranks of those who oppose Woman's Rights. Some have perhaps heard the argument used by those who ridicule the idea of woman voting—that in a few years the women would be getting beastly drunk, and would be quarrelling and fighting around the election boxes, as the men now do, and they think perhaps it is true. Have you no more confidence in your Mother, your Sister, your Wife or your Daughter than to believe she would do this? Then, *Shame on you!*

Candid Reader, think of this thing. You will soon be called upon to decide at the ballot box whether woman shall be free or not. If, laying aside prejudice, you think, after mature reflection, that it would be injurious to mankind to give women liberty, let us hear your objections. Space in this paper, so kindly given to the writer of this article will most probably be given to you also. And if you think I am endeavoring to lead others astray, it is your duty to endeavor to counteract that influence.

April 9th, 1870. * * *

A BUXOM LAWYERESS.

Miss L. Barkalo becomes a Member of the St. Louis Bar.

The strong minded woman who has been incessantly laboring for years to secure a recognition of their rights are, in a measure, reaping their reward. The State Senate gave them an engrossing clerk and the Board of Water Commissioners recently added Miss Clapp to its staff as a clerk in the water-works office. Long before this the government acknowledged their claims by appointing two ladies—one of them Miss Redalia Bates (Mrs. Dr. Fischer)—a notable public. Yesterday, Judge Knight travelled a long distance in the path of progress by issuing a license as a practicing lawyer of the St. Louis bar to Miss L. Barkalo, a student of the St. Louis Law School. This, we are pretty reliably informed, is the first instance of this kind that has occurred in this country, which is undoubtedly the most progressive of all civilized nations in its treatment of the woman question. Miss Barkalo is a native of Brooklyn, New York, and is a woman of more than ordinary ability. Two years ago, after having read Blackstone and other elementary law books, she made application for admission as student at Columbia College, New York, where she was promptly and peremptorily refused. Nothing daunted, however, she came out West, and settled in St. Louis, where she was admitted without difficulty to the St. Louis Law School. For eighteen months she has been assiduously devoting her energies to the study of the science, and her fellow students all agree in declaring her by far the brightest member of the class. That there is no question of her ability was clearly shown yesterday at the examination, where she promptly and correctly answered every question propounded to her. Miss Barkalo is about twenty-two years of age, of a buxom figure, amiable and really intelligent face, and a large and expressive eye. (This is a figure of speech—she has two.) She is now a member of the St. Louis bar, and considerable interest is manifested to witness her maiden effort.—*St. Louis Times* 26th ult.

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Burial of Sir Thomas Kitten.
He was a male member of the feline race, who, while chanting an amorous ditty to his lady-love, had his song ended by a stray brickbat, which knocked him from the romantic spot where he was sitting (the roof of Aunt Sally's house) into the abyss of oblivion. He was much respected by the cats and kittens of his set; but he was a deadly enemy to all who were not on his side of the fence. He was chief musician of his native village, and leader of all the concerts that were gratuitously given—in that liberal spirit which characterizes the race—to the inhabitants of the village.—The writer was waited on by three of the oldest maids of the village, who asked him to beg the inspiration of the Muse, and write some lines on his—the kitten's—burial. He has done so—in parody—and hopes they will be handed down to posterity.]

Not a new woe was heard, nor a feline note,
As his call to the barn yard they hurried;
Not a groan came forth from a mouse's throat,
At the grave where the kitten they buried.

They buried him quickly toward morning light,

The earth with their paws a-turning—
With never a ray of the moon's pale light,
Or ever a lantern burning.

His paws were folded across his breast—
His tail was twisted around him;
And he lay like a tom-cat taking his rest
With cats and kittens—confound him!

Not a tear was dropped—not a prayer was said—
Not even a word of sorrow;
But they thought, when they gazed on the face of the dead.

Of the rights they would have on the morrow.

They thought, when they hollowed his narrow bed,
Without giving him ever a pillow,
That many a row would be had o'er the head
Of the long-tailed kitten—poor fellow!

And forsooth talk light of the kitten's gone,

And through the dull earth try to scratch him;

But never a once, if they let him sleep on,

Above the greenward will they catch.

The whole of their heavy task was done,
When the rock crowned the bairn of surging,
And the way they took to their heels and run,
I vow, was truly surprising!

A Dying Wife to her Husband.

The following beautiful and touching extracts taken from a letter written by a dying wife to her husband, which was found by him some time after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume. The letter which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his devoted wife, who died, it is stated, at the early age of nineteen. It shows how fathomless is the depth of a true woman's affections:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear G., some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might seem but the nervous imagination of a girl, yet dear G., it is not so.

Many weary, weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave you forever and go down alone in the dark valley! But I know in whom I have trusted, and leaning upon His arm, "I fear no evil."

Don't blame me for keeping a this even from you. How could I subject you, of all other, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into the Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's noblest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching through long and dreary nights for the spirit's final flight, and transferring my sinking head from your breast to the Saviour's bosom! And you shall share

my last thought; the last faint pressure of this hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death—and our spirits shall hold o'er last communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot dear G., where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and brightening the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that covers your Mary's grave. I know you will go often alone, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then and whisper among the waving branches, "I am not lost, but gone before."

Distinguished Chillicotheans.

Among the distinguished colored men of this country, Chillicothe can claim the majority, if not nearly all who have reached and are occupying positions of eminence in our own and foreign climes. We give a few of the names of prominent colored men who, in times gone by, have identified themselves by a residence with Chillicothe. The Liberian House of Representatives recently finished an examination of the returns of the election held last May, and declared the Hon. Edward James Roye to be chosen President of the Republic. Mr. Roye, who is of pure African blood, was born at Newark, Ohio, February 3, 1815. He was educated at Athens University and Oberlin College; taught school at Chillicothe in 1836, and from 1838 to 1844, was engaged in business in Terre Haute, Indiana. He emigrated in 1845, and became a merchant at Monrovia. He was successful, financially, accumulating a fortune of \$200,000, while his talents gave him political eminence. Having held the positions of Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator and Chief Justice, he has now been placed in the highest office which the suffrages of his fellow citizens could give him.

John M. Langston, was raised and received his early education in this city; graduated at Oberlin, and has held many positions of prominence, devoting time and talents to the amelioration of his race. He is now Professor of Law in a University at Washington city.

His brother Chas. Langston is a man of note and influence in Kansas.

Geo. B. Vashon, formerly taught School in this city; is now Prof. of Languages in a New York City College.

Wm. H. Whitehead, another Chillicothean, has been lately appointed Secretary of Legation by the British Government, to one of the South American States.

Dr. Joseph Harris, well known here, was late candidate for Lt. Governor of Virginia; while his brother Wm. H. Harris is now a State Senator from the Columbia District in the South Carolina Legislature.

Jas. W. Allen, an old Chillicothe boy, has somewhat distinguished himself as a traveler, having made the circuit of the world.

The Boston Post-Office Department has a representation from our city in the persons of James M. Trotter, Register Clerk and W. H. Dupree, who is Messenger to the Department; both natives we believe, of our city.—Chillicothe Advertiser.

There are fifty male and thirty female murderers in the Michigan penitentiary. Michigan has no death penalty. The poor dear lambs simply retired from the world, and not subjected to the rude constriction of a cord, with the arithmetical results above noted. Certain

lewd persons, however, are agitating the resurrection of Jack Ketch.—*Constitution*.

One Week from my Diareo.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Monday.—Had suckers for breakfast, Suckers and sardines are the 2 luxurys ov life; the other luxury is easy boots.

Tuesday.—Awoke with a splendid headache, caused by drinking too much spring water the evening previously and going to bed at 9 o'clock precisely.

Wednesday.—Rekolekted over asking a man in Missouri if beans was a sure krop in his parts. He said they was "azertin as a revolver." Relekted on the panger of carrying concealed weepins. Rekolekted again ov bein in New Hampshire during a severe sno storm, and innocently enough remarked that I never see ennything like it, and was told by one of the barrom boarders that it wan't nothing; he had seen it fall over a thousand feet. "What?" said I, "a thousand feet on the level?" "No said he, "but a thousand feet from on high."

I reflekteled how easy it was for sum folks to lie and tell the truth at the same time.

Thursday.—Rekolekted once more of bein on Red river, in Arkinsaw, and seein a large piece of frame-work by the side ov the road; inquired ov a private citizen who was leading a blind mule by 1 ov his ears, what that farme work mought be. He sed it was "a big fiddle, and took 3 yoke ov oxen to draw the bow, and they had to haw and geo to change the tune." Reflected on that passage in the poet which sez "an is fearfull, and wonderfully made;" and thort the remark might apply to fiddles in Arkinsaw without spileing the remark.

Friday.—Vizited my wash-woman, and blowed her up for sewing ruffles and tucks onto the bottom of my drawers. She was thunderstruck at first, but explained the mystery by saying she had sent me, by mistake, a pair that belonged to a wif.

"No mam, I ain't nothing."

"Have you no home?"

"No."

"Wouldn't you like to have one?"

"You bet!"

"You should not speak sojelly, my son. But come how would you like me for your mother?"

The little fellow -canned her from head to foot for a moment and then inquired:

"Would you whip me?"

"Not unless you were bad."

"Let me go barefooted?"

"No."

"Play hoss?"

"No."

"Pull the cat's tail?"

"No."

"Lick the puddin' dish?"

"No."

"Cuss?"

"No."

"Chaw tobaker?"

"No."

"Smoke?"

"No."

"Play Keno?"

"No."

"Then go along with you; you don't know anything. I reckon next you'll say a feller should't cross his legs and sing 'Shoo Fly'."

And the little fellow's face glowed with a sense of ineffable contempt.

An "Awful" Story.

There was once a little girl who had an awful way of saying "awful" to everything.

She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place.

She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher who gave her awful lessons out of awful books.

Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy.

Her hat was awful small, and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher.

When she took an awful walk she claimed awful hills, and when she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold.

When it didn't rain there was an awful drought, and when the drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she don't get over saying "awful" about everything, I am afraid she will, by and by, come to an awful end.

I shut up one eye in a manner that carried the other with it. I opened both. The tears came. The squirrel seemed six or seven squirrels whirling round in the air. I took aim, but it would not stay aimed.

Somehow I saw the sky, the stonewall, a great mullein stalk, the squirrel, and twenty other things, all in a jig. Bang went the gun. "Chigger-ree-ree" went the squirrel as he dived down, laughing into a hole.

Well, I've seen many a minister do the same thing with a sermon, and felt as satisfied as I did. To be sure I had not hit anything, but I had made a splendid noise.

A shabby young gentleman entered a store the other day, with his hands in his pockets, as if

Interesting Facts.

Glass windows were used for lights in 1180.

Chimneys first put up to houses in 1236.

Tallow candles for lights.

1290. Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1290.

Paper made from linen, 1302.

Woolen cloth made in England, 1341.

Art of printing from movable type, 1440.

Watch first made in Germany, 1447.

Telescopes invented by Porta and Janson, 1590.

Circulation of blood discovered by Hervey in 1610.

Newspaper first established in 1629.

Pendulum clock first invented in 1649.

Steam engine invented in 1649.

Bread made with yeast in 1650.

Tea first brought from China to Europe in 1501.

Cotton planted in the United States in 1759.

Fire engines invented in 1685.

Stereotyping invented in Scotland in 1785.

Telegraph invented by Morse in 1832.

The first daguerreotype made in France in 1839.

they were flush with rhino. "Mr. S." said he, "I believe I owe you sixty-two and a half cents, cash, borrowed about a year ago."

"Yes, sir," replied the tradesman holding out his hand to receive the cash, "I am glad you have come, for I had almost forgotten it myself."

"Oh, I never forget such things," said the fellow; "I like to have everything square, so I want you to lend me thirty-seven and a half cents more, which will make even money."

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